

Scena septima.

Enter Iulia and Lucetta.

Iul. Counsaile, *Lucetta*, gentle girl assist me,
And eu'n in kinde loue, I doe conuise thee,
Who art the Table wherein all my thoughts
Are visibly Character'd, and engrau'd,
To lesson me, and tell me some good meane
How with my honour I may vndertake
A journey to my louing *Prothemus*.

Luc. Alas, the way is wearisome and long.

Iul. A true-deuoted Pilgrime is not weary
To measure Kingdomes with his feeble steps,
Much lesse shall she that hath Loues wings to flie,
And when the flight is made to one so deere,
Of such diuine perfection as *Sir Prothemus*.

Luc. Better forbear, till *Prothemus* make returne.

Iul. Oh, know'st thou not, his looks are my soules food?
Pitty the dearth that I haue pined in,
By longing for that food so long a time.
Didst thou but know the iuly touch of Loue,
Thou wouldst as soone goe kinde fire with snow
As seeke to quench the fire of Loue with words.

Luc. I doe not seeke to quench your Loues hot fire,
But qualifie the fires extreame rage,
Left it should burne about the bounds of reason.

Iul. The more thou dam'st it vp, the mote it burnes:
The Current that with gentle murmure glides
(Thou know'st) being stop'd, impatiently doth rage:
But when his faire course is not hindered,
He makes sweet musicke with th' enameld stones,
Giuing a gentle kisse to euery sedge
He ouer-takerh in his pilgrimage,
And so by many winding nookes he straiues
With willing sport to the wilde Ocean.
Then let me goe, and hinder not my course:
He be as patient as a gentle streame,
And make a pastime of each weary step,
Till the last step haue brought me to my Loue,
And there he rest, as after much turmoile
A blessed soule doth in *Elizium*.

Luc. But in what habit will you goe along?

Iul. Not like a woman, for I would preuent
The loose encounters of lasciuious men:
Gentle *Lucetta*, fit me with such weedes
As may beseeeme some well-reputed Page.

Luc. Why then your Ladiship must cut your haire.

Iul. No girl, he knit it vp in silken strings,
With twentie od-conceited true-love knots:
To be fantastique, may become a youth
Of greater time then I shall shew to be.

Luc. What fashion (Madam) shall I make your bree-

Iul. That fits as well, as tell me (good my Lord)
What compasse will you wear your Farthingale?

Luc. You must needs haue the with a cod-peece (Ma-

Iul. Out, out, (*Lucetta*) that wilbe illfauour'd. (dam)
Luc. A round hose (Madam) now's not worth a pin
Vnlesse you haue a cod-peece to stick pins on.

Iul. *Lucetta*, as thou lou'st me let me haue
What thou think'st meet, and is most mannerly.
But tell me (wench) how will the world repute me
For vndertaking so vnstaid a journey?

I feare me it will make me scandaliz'd.

Luc. If you thinke so, then stay at home, and go not.

Iul. Nay, that I will not.

Luc. Then neuer dreame on Infamy, but go.

If *Prothemus* like your journey, when you come,
No matter who's displeas'd, when you are gone:
I feare me he will scarce be pleas'd with all.

Iul. That is the least (*Lucetta*) of my feare:
A thousand oathes, an Ocean of his teares,
And instances of infinite of Loue,
Warrant me welcome to my *Prothemus*.

Luc. All these are seruants to deceitfull men.

Iul. Bafe men, that vse them to so bafe effect:
But truer starres did gouerne *Prothemus* birth,
His words are bonds, his oathes are oracles,
His loue sincere, his thoughts immaculate,
His teares, pure messengers, sent from his heart,
His heart, as far from fraud, as heauen from earth.

Luc. Pray heau'n he proue so when you come to him.

Iul. Now, as thou lou'st me, do him not that wrong,

To beare a hard opinion of his truth:

Onely deserue my loue, by louing him,
And presently goe with me to my chamber
To take a note of what I stand in need of,
To furnish me vpon my longing journey.

All that is mine I leaue at thy dispose,
My goods, my Lands, my reputation,
Onely, in lieu thereof, dispatch me hence:
Come; answere not: but to it presently,
I am impatient of my tarriance.

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Actus Tertius, Scena Prima.

Enter Duke, Thurio, Prothemus, Valentine,
Lawnce, Speed.

Duke. *Sir Thurio*, giue vs leaue (I pray) a while,
We haue some secrets to confer about.

Now tell me *Prothemus*, what's your will with me?

Pro. My gracious Lord, that which I wold discouer,

The Law of friendship bids me to conceale,
But when I call to minde your gracious fauours
Done to me (vnderferuing as I am)
My dutie pricks me on to vtter that
Which else, no worldly good should draw from me:
Know (worthy Prince) *Sir Valentine* my friend
This night intends to steale away your daughter:
My selfe am one made priuy to the plot.
I know you haue determin'd to bestow her
On *Thurio*, whom your gentle daughter hates,
And should she thus be stolne away from you,
It would be much vexation to your age.
Thus (for my duties sake) I rather chose
To crosse my friend in his intended drift,
Then (by concealing it) heap on your head
A pack of sorrowes, which would presse you downe
(Being vnpreuented) to your timelesse graue.

Duke. *Prothemus*, I thank thee for thine honest care,
Which to requite, command me while I liue.
This loue of theirs, my selfe haue often scene,
Haply when they haue iudg'd me fast asleepe,
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Pro. My gracious Lord, that which I wold discouer,

Sir Valentine her companie, and my Court.

But fearing lest my iealous ayme might erre,
And so (vnworthily) disgrace the man
(A rashnesse that I euer yet haue shun'd)
I gaue him gentle looks, thereby to finde
That which thy selfe hast now disclos'd to me.

And that thou maist perceiue my feare of this,
Knowing that tender youth is soone suggested,
I nightly lodge her in an vpper Towre,
The key whereof, my selfe haue euer kept:
And thence she cannot be conuay'd away.

Pro. Know (noble Lord) they haue deuiz'd a meane
How he her chamber-window will ascend,
And with a Corded-ladder fetch her downe:
For which, the youthfull Louer now is gone,
And this way comes he with it presently.
Where (if it please you) you may intercept him.
But (good my Lord) doe it so cunningly
That my discouery be not aimed at:
For, loue of you, not hate vnto my friend,
Hath made me publisher of this pretence.

Duke. Vpon mine Honor, he shall neuer know
That I had any light from thee of this.

Pro. Adieu, my Lord, *Sir Valentine* is coming.

Duke. *Sir Valentine*, whether away is fast?

Val. Please it your Grace, there is a Messenger
That styes to beare my Letters to my friends,
And I am going to deliuer them.

Duke. Be they of much import?

Val. The tenure of them doth but signifie
My health, and happy being at your Court.

Duke. Nay then no matter: stay with me a while,
I am to breake with thee of some affaires
That touch me neere: wherein thou must be secret.
'Tis not vknown to thee, that I haue sought
To match my friend *Sir Thurio*, to my daughter.

Val. I know it well (my Lord) and sure the Match
Were rich and honourable: besides, the gentleman
Is full of Vertue, Bounty, Worth, and Qualities
Beseeeming such a Wife, as your faire daughter:
Cannot your Grace win her to fancie him?

Duke. No, trust me, she is peeuish, fullen, froward,
Prowd, disobedient, stubborn, lacking duty,
Neither regarding that she is my child,
Nor fearing me, as if I were her father:
And may I say to thee, this pride of hers
(Vpon aduice) hath drawne my loue from her,
And where I thought the remnant of mine age
Should haue bene cherish'd by her child-like dutie,
I now am full resolu'd to take a wife,
And turne her out, to who will take her in:
Then let her beauty be her wedding dowre:
For me, and my possessions she esteemes not.

Val. What would your Grace haue me to do in this?

Duke. There is a Lady in Verona heere
Whom I affect: but she is nice, and coy,
And naught esteemes my aged eloquence.
Now therefore would I haue thee to my Tutor
(For long agone I haue forgot to court,
Besides the fashion of the time is chang'd)
How, and which way I may bestow my selfe
To be regarded in her sun-bright eye.

Val. Win her with gifts, if she respect not words,
Dumbe Iewels often in their silent kinde
More then quicke words, doe moue a womans minde.

Duke. But she did scorne a present that I sent her,

Val. A woman sometime
Send her another: neuer
For scorne at first, makes
If she doe frowne, 'tis no
But rather to beget more
If she doe chide, 'tis not
For why, the fooles are m
Take no repulse, what eu
For, get you gon, she doe
Flatter, and praise, comm
Though nere so blacke, sa
That man that hath a tong
If with his tongue he cau
Duke. But she I meane,
Vnto a youthfull Gentlem
And kept severely from re
That no man hath access
Val. Why then I woul
Duke. I, but the doores
That no man hath recou
Val. What lets but ou
Duke. Her chamber is al
And built so sheluing, tha
Without apparant hazard
Val. Why then a Lad
To cast vp, with a paire
Would serue to scale ano
So bold *Leander* would ad
Duke. Now as thou art
Aduise me, where I may ha
Val. When would you
Duke. This very night;
That longs for euery thing
Val. By seauen a clock
Duke. But hark thee: I
How shall I best conuey th
Val. It will be light (my
Vnder a cloake, that is of
Duke. A cloake as long
Val. I my good Lord.
Duke. Then let me see the
He get me one of such an
Val. Why any cloake
Duke. How shall I fashio
I pray thee let me fee
What Letter is this same?
And heere an Engine fit fo
He be so bold to breake th
*My thoughts do harbor
And slanes they are to me
Oh, could their Master co
Himselfe would lodge whe
My Herald Thoughts, i
While I (their King) tha
Doe curse the grace, that
Because my selfe doe want
I curse my selfe, for the
That they should harbor
What's here? *Silvia*, this m
'Tis so: and heere's the La
Why *Phaeton* (for thou art
Wilt thou aspire to guide
And with thy daring folly
Wilt thou reach stars, beca*